

# PECK'S BAD BOY

The Bad Boy Writes of Ancient and Modern Highwaymen.  
BY GEORGE W. PECK.

London, England.—My Dear Old Skate: Well, if we are going to see any of the other countries on this side of the water before our return ticket expires, we have got to be getting a move on, and dad says in about a week we will be doing stunts in Paris that will bring about a revolution, and wind up the republic of France, and so on. Some nine-spot on the throne that Napoleon used to wear out his buckskin pants on.

Dad asked me father day what I cared most to see in London, and I told him I wanted to visit Newgate prison, and the places made famous by the bold highwaymen and robbers of olden days. He thought I was daffy, but when I told him how I had read "Claude Duval" and "Sixteen-String Jack" and all the highway literature in the library, when dad thought I was kidding the garden, he confessed that he used to hunt those yellow covered books out of the manger when I was not reading.

"Always Glad to Serve Any of the Descendants of the Heroes," Said the Guard.

them, and that he had read them all himself, when I thought I was studying for his campaign speeches, and so he said Homestead Heath, where Claude Duval used to ride "Black Bess," and hold up people who traveled at night in post chaises, and we found splendid spots where there had been more highway robbery going on than any place east of Missouri, but I was disgusted when I thought what chumps these old highway robbers were, compared to the American highway robbers and hold-up men of the present day.

In Claude Duval's time he had a brace of flint-lock pistols, which he had to examine the priming every time a victim showed up, and while he was priming them, the victim would use to kill people all right, though if they had had cameras at that time the flash from the priming would have taken a flash-light picture of the robber, so he could have been identified when he rode off in the night to a roadside inn and killed his victim, while he counted the ten shillings he had taken from the silk purse of the victim. Why, one of our American rangers that I saw in the States, expressed a flash-light picture of a robber, and shoots up a mess of railroad hands and passengers with Winchester and Remington rifles, and gets away and has to have a bookkeeper and a cashier to keep their bank accounts straight, could give those old Claude Duvals and Sixteen-String Jacks cards and spades.

But civilization, dad says, has done much for the highway robbery business, and he says we in America have arrived at absolute perfection. However, I was much interested in looking over the ground where the first highway robber lived and died, and old business, and when we went to the prisons where they were confined, and were shown where Tyburn Tree stood, and the heads of them were hung on, tears came to my eyes at the thought that I was on the sacred ground where my heroes croaked, and went to their death with smiles on their faces, and polite to the last. The guard who showed us around thought I was a descendant of the heroes, because when we went away he said to dad: "Call again, Mr. Duval. Always glad to serve any of the descendants of the heroes."

Then we hired horses and took a horseback ride through Rotten Row, where everybody in London goes to see the price, ride a horse, and no carriage is allowed. Dad was an old cavalryman forty years ago, and he is stuck on his horse, and he is on a horse, but he can't break up the horseback parade the day we went for the ride. The liverman gave us two bob-tailed mares a big one for dad and a small one for me, but they didn't have any army saddle for dad, and he had to ride on one of these little English saddles, such as jockeys ride races on, and dad is so big where he sits on a saddle that you couldn't see the saddle, and I guess they gave dad a riding jumper, because when we went right amongst the riders, men and women,

"Then he went home and made some more pickles, and the next day he called him to come right over, as they had been invited to entertain the king and a lot of other face cards in the park. And the man who showed us around the great to get in the king row himself, so he shoveled a lot of big bills into some packing trunks and went over to show for it. The king's estate was redecorated for about six miles, up one corridor and down the other, but Old Pickles stood the raise, because he thought it would be worth the money to be on terms of intimacy with a king.

"Then when it was all ready, and the king was going to stand at the front door and welcome the king, they made him go to his room, back about a half a mile in the rear of the castle, and for two weeks Old Pickles served his meals brought to his room, and when it was over, and the sentence had expired, he was let out, and all he saw of the great to show for it. The king's estate was redecorated for about six miles, up one corridor and down the other, but Old Pickles stood the raise, because he thought it would be worth the money to be on terms of intimacy with a king.

Now he has got a new idea, and that is to go to some country where there are bandits, different from the bandits here in London, and be captured and taken to the mountain fastnesses, and held for ransom until our government makes a fuss about it, and sends warships after us. I told dad it would be just our luck to have our government fall to try to get us, and the bandits might cut our heads off and stick them on a pole as a warning to people not to travel unless they had a ransom concealed about their clothes. But dad says he is out to see all the sights, and he is going to be ransomed before he gets home, if it takes every dollar our government has got. I think he is going to work the bandit racket when we get to Turkey, but, by ginger, he can leave me at a convent, because I don't want one of those crooked sabers run into me and turned around like a corker. Dad says I can stay in a harem while he goes to the mountains with the bandits, and I don't know as I care, as they say a harem is the most interesting place in Turkey. You know the pictures we have studied in the old grocery, where a whole bunch of beautiful women are practicing using soap in a marble bath.

Well, don't you say anything to me about it, but dad has got his foot in it clear up to the top button, and it isn't anything scandalous, though there is a woman at the bottom of it. You see, we used to know a girl that left home to go out into the world and earn her own living. She eluded some at private parties and banquets, to entertain people that were daffy, and were on the verge of getting permanent bats in their belfry, and after a few years she got on the stage, and made a bunch of money and went abroad. And then she had married a titled person, and everybody supposed she was a duchess, or a countess, and she wanted to go and see the world, and she got over here. Ma didn't want us to go and hunt her up to board with her, or anything, but just to get a glimpse of high life, and see how the little friend was doing herself proud in her new station in life.

That night a couple of dukes came around to the hotel to sell dad some stock in a diamond mine in South Africa, and they got to talking about how England society held over on the American society, until dad got an addition to the mad he had when he called on our girl, and when one of the dukes said America was being headed south by the marriage of American women to titled persons, dad got a hot box, like a stalled freight train.

"You Johnnies are a lot of confidence men, who live only to rope in rich American girls, so you can marry them and have their money, and see stock in the States, and put on tin roofs in place of the mortgages, cause a mortgage is not shed rain, and you get their money and spend it on other women." One of the dukes turned red.

Dad Drove the Dukes Out.

like a lobster, and I think he is a lobster, anyway, and he was going to make dad stop talking, but the duke didn't know dad, and he continued. Says dad, says "I know a rich man in the States, who made \$10,000,000 on pickles, or breakfast food, and he had a daughter that was so homely, she couldn't keep a clock going in the house."

"She came over here and got exposed to a daffy, and after the duke was executed, and the first her father knew she caught the duke, and came home, and he followed her. Say, he didn't know the duke, and the duke was an old man that he invested in a saddle, and the duke was low to the old man and called him 'Your Highness,' and that settled the old duke's position, and he went into a trap of building a town house in London."

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Noosey.—It seems rather strange that you should be so down on your best friend as you appear to be, simply because he took your part.



GENERAL-ADJUTANT A. M. STOESEL, THE RUSSIAN COMMANDER AT PORT ARTHUR  
General Stoessel's defence of the Russian stronghold at Port Arthur from the continuous assaults on land and sea by the Japanese is one of the most remarkable military achievements of its kind in history.

## GRAB-BAG OF ODDITIES.

Brief Resume of the Year's Happenings Discloses Facts Which Fiction Cannot Equal.

**WILMINGTON (Del.)** Italian, Lingo Greso, would have been killed by an approaching train if his foreman, De Witt, had not knocked him off the track with a clod of earth. He was rescued by a large victory.

The bishop of London received in October a check for \$2 from an under-knave who wished to make thank offerings because business for the year had been so brisk.

Walter Lorraine, who lives near Buffalo, N. Y., in May brought suit for \$2,000 damages against Miss Du Clan of Niagara Falls. It seems the young woman, carried away by her affection, hugged him hard enough to fracture a rib. Almost at the same time Miss Carrie Hugin of Janesville, Wis., was so tightly clasped by her sweetheart that she died of a heart attack.

Joseph Fields Morris of New Bedford, N. J., died as a result of his son's wedding, the ceremony being performed on the old gentleman's one hundred birthday.

Mrs. Catherine Dumbacher of Bloomfield, N. J., and Mrs. Margaret Sullivan of Leominster, Mass., each received bouquets of roses on their birthdays, one being 71 and the other 82. Each scratched herself with a thorn and in each case death followed from blood poisoning.

The Missionary Society of the Kenosha (Wis.) Methodist church refused to accept a legacy of \$75,000 because the donor had met death while attending a theatre.

On Jan. 15 a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leroy, of Buena Vista, Pa., being their fifth boy born on that day of that month since 1900.

Frank Brooking, of Macomb, Ill., while in prison, was given a reward of \$2 bill among the straw. With this as rent money he put back the birds' home and they are again living with him.

The steamship Alaska, which reached New York in August from Honolulu, came nearly \$30,000 for its owners by being delayed three days in a storm during which time the price of sugar, with which the vessel was loaded, rose considerably.

In April last A. J. Gonder, a brakeman employed by the Ontario and Western road, predicted he would meet death while coupling his "prophecy" was fact six days later.

A game of seven-up broke an election deadlock in Monongahela, Pa., last February. Clark Boyd, Republican, and James Hendrickson, Democrat, each received 113 votes for registrar and played cards for a decision.

James A. Jennings, a New York electrician, was run over by a train and killed, the morning after he had dreamed that he was dead.

During a June storm at Ft. Scott thousands of small fishes and frogs fell from the sky. The market place was covered and scores of fish were taken from the pools left by the rain.

A mule born on a farm near Lebanon, Pa., was the first of its kind to have two heads.

No mother should be weak enough to allow her baby to scold off the key. She should carry a tuning fork and when the child is about to begin a prolonged howl should give it the proper notes. That is the recipe for domestic harmony which Miss Amelia Weed Holbrook gave the Professional Woman's league last June.

While G. C. Rothwell, candidate for Levy court commissioner in Wilmington, Del., was about to vote at the September primaries, lightning tore down one of his political posters from a telegraph pole and knocked the ticket from his hand. He was defeated by a large victory.

Mrs. W. A. Redwick of Cooperstown, N. Y., was carrying a lighted lamp downstairs during a storm when a bolt tore the lamp from her hand, putting it out at the same time, tipped open the woman's shoes, but left her personally unharmed.

The stomach of a steer brought from Nebraska to the Pittsburgh stockyards was found an issue of Mr. Bryan's Commoner—undigested.

Jacob Harlan of Union City, Ind., dreamed one night last January that his father had been killed in a runaway accident. His terror brought on a chill, which resulted in death.

An ill fitting shoe, rubbing the heel of Benjamin Ayl of Baltimore, was the cause of his death. The doctor called it blood poisoning.

A Vineland (N. J.) contractor, Feasture, by name, died of fright at the sight of the surgical instruments laid out preparatory to an operation upon him.

Harry Lehr attended a Newport theatre one evening in July wearing a hat and a coat of arms, and a key of St. Louis was rewarded to accept a legacy of \$75,000 because the donor had met death while attending a theatre.

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The manager of a New York City theatre solved the theatre hat question in March by posting the following notice: "Ladies will please remove their hats. Old ladies, please to catch cold, are not bound by this request." All hats came off.

In February Miss Belle Cox, of Morristown, N. J., slipped on the ice and broke her leg. In May she fell from a ladder and broke it again. In July she made a mistake from a car and for the third time broke the same leg.

Angered by what he thought an unjust reprimand from his teacher, Walter Dale, a fourteen-year-old pupil in the Denver schools, in January ate a dose of carbolic acid and died in the midst of his companions.

When the remains of J. J. Burns, one of the victims of a snowslide at Alta, Utah, in February, were found, it was discovered that death had come from suffocation or cold, but heat. The man had been pinned against a stove by the rush of snow.—Chicago Tribune.

Tribute to a Square Meal.

(Chicago Evening Post.) In the presence of representatives of the United States and Great Britain, granite monuments were unveiled the other day on San Juan Island, Puget Sound, to mark the spots where for many years garrisons were maintained by both nations while the ownership of the territory was in dispute.

To every veteran of the regular service in either country the sight of these monuments will revive not the memories of a dispute of nations, but of the glorious, record-breaking "feed" which one Lieutenant Michael Fitzgerald, U. S. A., spread in view of his redcoat brethren, with the hearty invitation to fall to. One or two of the participants in that banquet are still in arms, and there is probably not a comrade of either service who does not know the story of how Michael Fitzgerald, Lieutenant, U. S. A., "set" 'em up for the Britishers and made straight a strained situation. All of which goes to show that a banquet may be better than a bullet.

Michael Fitzgerald was the commandant of the regular army of the American garrison on San Juan. General McDowell, at San Francisco, was afraid, because of Fitzgerald's name, that he would have hereditary feelings against the British and might involve the country in trouble. Above all things, Lieutenant Fitzgerald, said the general, "observe the rules of international courtesy."

"I'll do that same, general," answered Fitzgerald promptly.

The English officers, for there were several of them at the British garrison, asked Fitzgerald over to dine. They didn't have much to offer him, for there wasn't much in the country.

Fitzgerald waited two months before he invited the Britishers over to mess. In the meantime a boat had gone to San Francisco and had returned. Fitzgerald had only the company of soldiers, but he improvised a band to play at the banquet. He had a man behind every officer's chair. The table was covered with cut glass and silver. There were delicacies and substantial of all kinds, and he wins was like unto that of which Horace

"Veracious history hath it that the 'feed' cost \$75 a plate. The bill for the thing was \$400. A month after the banquet on San Juan a formidable-looking document went to army headquarters at San Francisco. General McDowell opened it. It was a bill for Michael Fitzgerald's banquet, and it was thus indorsed: 'Excellent! Above all things, observe the rules of international courtesy!'

Tradition hath it that McDowell swore a little that the bill was paid out of the contingent fund.

That banquet kept American and British good tempered. There was no clash, and the boundary matter was settled. The monuments unveiled were monuments to a square meal in a hungry land.

Thorough in the Arts.

Philanthropic Lady.—Can you play grand opera as well as you do those popular airs, my poor fellow? "Unpopular!—Oh, yes, my dear, every bit as well, but I must have my notes before I

# THE REFLECTIONS OF A KNOCKER

His Reflections of the New Year. By John Kendrick Bangs.

It was New Year's eve. The watch night celebration of the Growlers' club was in full blast when the Knocker entered.

"Here, Simian!" he cried to the boy in the reading room. "Why in thunder don't you close the window? This place is as cold as the devil."

"It is closed, suh," returned the boy meekly, and with no more resentment in the tone of his voice than if the Knocker's complaint was justified.

"Then why the deuce don't you open it?" roared the Knocker. "Do you want us to suffocate in here?"

Simian, as the boy was called, proceeded at once to open the window as he was ordered.

"Not that one, you idiot," said the Knocker. "Do you want to give me pneumonia?"

"Diss is de on'y window in de room, suh," protested Simian.

"Then pull it down from the top," retorted the Knocker.

"Dass de way I has it, suh," said the boy.

"Then do show a little intelligence and open it from the bottom," growled the Knocker, and got out of here. If you care to learn the answer look up report you to the house committee and have you bounced."

The boy turned silently away.

"Why the deuce don't you speak when you're spoken to?" roared the Knocker after him—but Simian had left the room. "Pah!" continued the Knocker, turning to the boys in the table. "If there is anything I hate it's a surly servant."

A peal of laughter from the roystering Growlers interrupted his reflection for a moment.

"Rotten noisy gang," growled the Knocker. "Pretending to have a good time because the old year is dying. Huh! Wait until tomorrow, boys, when the glad New Year has come—"

"You'll be wishing you hadn't been so happy tonight. Fine as the night is, you'll be groaning over by noon tomorrow. The hot-towel industry will flourish on the glad morrow, but woe, woe, woe, what fools men are to drink here, Simian, bring me an absinthe frappe and be quick about it, you snail. I want to get the taste of that whisky out of my mouth."

"Good evening, Knocker, my boy," observed Mr. Redface, putting his smiling rubicund countenance in at the door.

"Is it?" said the Knocker. "What's good about it? Best thing I can see about it is that it's nearly over."

"Oh, come off, Knocker," said Redface. "Stop knocking just for once and join in the fun."

"Fun?" retorted the Knocker. "Fun? Do you think it's fun raising money? Hades all night, smoking your head off and drinking until you're sick?"

"But tomorrow's New Year's day, man," protested Mr. Redface. Simian hanging that boy, I wonder if he's gone to France for that absinthe?"

"There's nothing in this New Year's roystering for a thoughtful man. A year ago you were doing this same rotten stunt because 1904 was about to swoop down on you and bring you all happiness, and now you're raising the hue and cry because the taste of that whisky is so damnable inconsistent."

Every blessed New Year's you think at last the millennium has come and you're all yearning for trouble and disaster. Don't you fellows ever learn anything? For my part, I didn't see anything to rejoice over New Year's day, 1904, and I bet if I can see any reason for being glad now. The winter isn't going to be any warmer or the summer any cooler for the poor devils who were last year."

The coming twelve months will run through the same old humdrum course of misery and woe that has marked the last twelve months. Babies will be born to suffer rumps and measles and school boys will be sent to college for the moon just as they did in 1895. Husbands and wives who love each other madly now, next spring will be quarrelling and counting down the days for separation in just the same quarrelsome old way as before. All money will be just as hard to pay as it was a year ago. The thousands of today's innocent people will be jailed for crime—and guilty of it, too—before you fellows are six months older."

With all that prospect you are predicting now for this glad 1905, the judgment lists will be as long as ever and the receiver of New Year's Grand Parade, December as it is tonight. Somewhere even now while you fellows are kicking up all sorts of tarantulas in the street, the clock is striking that you expect to have swoop down on you at any minute there is probably somewhere in this country some poor fellow who is predicting for this year that he will be a millionaire.

Mr. Rockefeller's that Mr. Rockefeller never says, and declines to meet when they fall due, and somebody tries to introduce them to him. Reckless before next New Year's Grand Parade, the national banks in bankruptcy, depositors in soup up to their necks. Old Silas Witherbee celebrating his children's and his grandchild's birthdays with a keg of hard cider, hailing 1905 as a joy forever and the harbinger of ease, will come to town next week just as he did last year and swan off that prosperity for the same old gold brick that has had its name in the papers year in any year out for time immemorial. Next year's worst enemy, in spite of this idiotic kaleidoscope of these backsliders upstairs there's just as much trouble ahead of us as there is behind us. And it's worse trouble than the other for the trouble behind us is over and that ahead of us we've got to go through. There isn't much to be said about it, but I'm hanged if I don't prefer the one I had last year to the one I'm going to have next."

"You have no business to refer to us as backsliders," growled Redface.

"What in thunder are you?" cried the Knocker. "What is this club, anyhow? What is the Sublime Corner? Not on your life. It is the Growlers' club. We were organized for the purpose of growling, and every member who signed the constitution swore with his hand on the Evening Post that he'd never approve of anything or ever be happy again as long as he lived. What is our motto? Contra Omnia—against everything. Redface, from the ten commandments to the Ladies' Home Journal. Every one in this house who is now rejoicing over the death of 1904 and the birth of 1905 is false to that oath, has broken faith with the constitution, and has sworn to uphold and with me who was tured into joining this association by the promise that I should find congenial company here. There are actual being and singing offensively rollicking songs and drinking."

"Oh, come off—you've been drinking yourself ever since noon," protested Redface.

"I know that," retorted the Knocker, "but with a decent motive. They are trying to drown their sorrows—I am merely stimulating mine."

"You'd better resign," quoth Redface, turning to leave the room.

"No, sir," retorted the Knocker. "What I shall do, however, at the next meeting of this club will be to have the rest of the club expelled. Mean-while, Redface, may be you'll join me in a toast. Here's to misery. If we

didn't have it we'd never know pleasure. And, Redface, not caring if he did join the knocker in a half-dozen cocktails, and when I last saw them they were having one of the most delightful quarrels I have ever witnessed."

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## ILL-LUCK IN KISSES.

Disaster Often Attends Him Who Purloins Them.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

The far reaching effects of so light a thing as a stolen kiss may at some future time turn the whole world topsyturvy. It was a stolen kiss the other day that cost State Senator Meyer of Carbon county, Mont., his re-election and turned many votes from President Roosevelt—although he really didn't need them—in the Yellowstone valley.

So great danger lurks in a pretty kiss may transmit disease germs; it may defeat a candidate for office. Senator Meyer, who is a married man with a family, met Miss Brown, a pretty girl in the street, just after dusk and imparted a passionate kiss upon her lips without permission. The incident aroused a storm of indignation in the state, became a public scandal and overshadowed the issues of national and state politics.

"Beware of stolen kisses," hereafter will become one of the important working rules of campaign managers. It was Senator Meyer who said: "If the nose of Cleopatra had been a girl's, the whole face of the earth would have been different." Which shows that momentous events sometimes may flow from a very trifling cause. The story and pictures of the smug reluctant candidate are overestimated. In gaining the kisses of Cleopatra, Antony lost an empire.

Some years ago an English countess laid down the law that "when a man kisses a woman against her will she is fully entitled to bite a piece out of his nose if she so pleases." An Australian who stole a kiss from a pretty girl fared even worse than Senator Meyer. To begin with, he was brought before a magistrate and fined. Then he was horsewhipped by a gentleman, and hurried into brain fever by his own wife. The clergyman of the parish condemned the affair in a sermon, and the press reviewed the whole hostility in print. Finally, the caterpillars ate up every blade of the male-factors' wheat crop.

Yet things will go by contraries. It is on the records that a stolen kiss once brought a man into possession of a fortune. This offender, an obscure butcher in Sydney, was charged with his pretty victim for assault. He was heavily fined by the local magistrate, and the press gave sensational reports of the case. This publicity brought the notice of a firm of solicitors who had been appointed trustees of valuable property which had been left to a man by a distant relative twenty years earlier. They had failed to trace the heir until this newly acquired newspaper notoriety revealed his whereabouts and secured him his heritage.

Whenever and wherever the value of stolen kisses has been appraised by courts, opinions have differed widely. Mrs. Maggie O'Boyle, 25 years old, red lipped and a widow, sniffed her scorn openly when Justice Fitzgerald of the Chicago stockyards case counted as \$150 in all, for a purloined smack at her cheek. She said \$400 would have been near the mark.

Down in the blue grass region, recently, a verdict for \$700 was rendered against a Las thief. In Rochester, N. Y. Charles Drobach was compelled to pay \$400 for kissing Mary E. Dimple, his stenographer, only once. In San Francisco pretty Adele Nelson sued for \$10,000 when a clerk employed caught him in her arms. Mrs. Sarah Clayton of Richmond Center, Wis., appraised three stolen kisses at \$5,000 each, or \$15,000 in all. The collector of the collection of which she sued David G. James, a prominent Grand Army man, but the jury divided against her.

"Kisses given to youth and romance are a priceless commodity," was the dictum of an Omaha judge. On this theory he sent to jail Miss Fern Alwood, a very good looking young woman, charged with having "kissed a man wilfully and without his consent." Passing Captain Henry Her, an army officer, in the street, she suddenly caught him in her arms, and before he could cry "Help!" or "Robbers!" she had imprudently six resounding smacks upon hisuddy cheeks. The captain, a confirmed bachelor and auster as a monk, was scandalized.

Judge Zimmerman of St. Louis recently handed down a legal opinion that public kissing is not a crime. Miss Ida Godair, having been arraigned for that alleged offense, he set her free with the remark that he saw no harm in it, and would, therefore, not punish her for kissing her best young man in the streets or public parks.

## The Mysteries of Knowledge.

(New York Tribune.)

A Bostonian was praising the other day the astronomical work of Percival Lowell.

"Before the last total eclipse of the sun," he said, smiling, "Mr. Lowell observed to an old colored man whom he liked:

"George, if you'll watch the chigleens about 11 o'clock you'll see them all go to roost."

"Hi, hi!" Gerge laughed. "Hi, hi! Dat's a good joke."

"He thought you see, that Mr. Lowell was fooling him. But when at about 11 o'clock the next morning the sun came out and the chickens did go to roost, George was amazed and somewhat horrified. He sought Mr. Lowell out and said:

"Wto yee done tole me wuz true, sah. Mah chickens went to roost, sah, jist like you say dey would. But de chickens and de chickens did go to roost, de astronomer returned."

"How long, sah, did you know 'mous dis?' said George.

"Dis was de longest song I ever heard of a year ago?"

"Yes, fully a year ago?"

"Yes, dat beat all," said George, in an awed voice. "Dem chickens wuzn't hatched a year ago."

## Overheard Between Dances.

(Houston Chronicle.)

Grayce—Why does Helene keep her face turned so steadfastly toward that Boston girl? Afraid of losing her Perry?

Glady's—Oh, no; it isn't that. Somebody told her it was dangerous to catch cold in the back.